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'AN INTERLOPER.'

From the painting by A. M. Rossi, exhibited in the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors.

How Two Souls Found the Lord.

Childish voices floated out of the chapel window in song while upon the outside, clinging to the shadows of the wall, stood a little fello w with ragged clothes, pinched features, and hungry soul. How sweet that song seemed to him! He must hear it better, so crept around to the open door, and there upon the front step stood leaning forward as though fearing to lose one word. Just then Willie Martin, who was late that Saturday afternoon, came hastily up, and would have gone in without stopping had not our waif moved into the deeper shadows.

'Oh, who's this? Aren't you going inside?' he asked.

'What! me go in there?' and the ragged fellow looked within.

'Why, yes; come along. That is our Junior League holding its meeting, and I know Mrs. Miley would be ever so glad to have you come,' and at this Willie took the timid hand and led him right up the aisle, an unwilling captive.

'Now, children,' Mrs. Miley said, after she had given Willie and his unknown friend a familiar greeting, 'we come to our verses.'

At this the whole league was thrown into a tremor of excitement, for there was always a contest upon the number of verses committed, and the one who could repeat the greatest number was given a large colored picture from the Sunday-school chart.

Charley Long had six verses; Mamie Carleton stumbled on the second and came near crying; Lulu Bealey surprised all by repeating the Ten Commandments and the beatitudes, and though others tried hard, she was the successful one. Before the contest closed Mrs. Miley turned to the little outcast, who seemed so interested in the whole proceeding, and asked, after inquiring his name: 'Sam, do you know a verse from the Bible that you can say for me?'

'I never saw a Bible, missis,' he answered. Two or three little girls opened their mouths in apparent astonishment.

'You can read, can you, Sam?'

'Oh, yes'um,' and to prove himself, drew from the recesses of his ragged coat a crumpled detective story. 'But I t'ink I would like de Bible, or what you call it, better.'

'Well, now, Sam, I'm going to let you take my Bible home this week, and want you to promise to do your best at committing some verses that I have marked.'

And all the while Sam's eyes were dancing toward the large picture that Lulu was showing to the other members of the league.

'Yes'um, I will, and I'm goin' ter have de picture next week, too.'

'But, Sam, wouldn't you like to become a member of our league?'

'Me b'long ter what?' asked Sam, doubtfully.

'Why, our Junior League. We all love Jesus and try to do His will. These boys and girls meet every week and sing and speak for Him. Don't you think you would enjoy meeting with them?'

'But, missis' dey wouldn't want me ter join,' said Sam. 'Dey're slicker kids dan I am. See!'

'Children, all that want to see Sam back here next Saturday, hold up hands!' and each boy and girl quickly thrust up a hand, and many of them two.

'Well, missis, I'm comin' and—I'm goin' ter get dat purty picture, too.'

'All right, Sam; good-bye,' and all the children bade good-bye to Sam and each other.

* * * * *

'Sam, wot's dat you's got wrapped up

so?' asked Mike, as he slung his kit from his shoulder.

'Dat? Why, dat's wot de lady give me ter read—dat is, de lady 'round at de church. Beats anyt'ing I've read.'

'Open 'er up,' continued Mike; 'let a fellow see a good t'ing.'

'I will; but don't yer touch it—it's perty, an' 'taint mine,' and at that Sam began to unroll the cloth from Mrs. Miley's Bible.

'My!' said Mike, 'dat is perty! I'd have ter shine for a month ter get dat.'

'Say, Mike,' said Sam, confidentially, 'I'm readin' in it. Some fine t'ings in dis book,' and at that he opened to some marked passage. 'I'm learnin' ter say dese off; wish you would see if I knows um,' and he carefully transferred the Bible to Mike.

They sat down on a box.

'All right, let 'er go!' said Mike, and Sam began:

'An' he opened his mouth and taught dem, sayin'.'

'Dat's good, but who's dis "He?" asked Mike.

'Why, dat's Jesus,' explained Sam. 'I found dat out 'round at de meetin'.'

'"Blessed are de poor in spirit, for—for deys is de kingdom of heaven."'

'W'at does dat mean?' asked Mike; 'I'm poor—wonder if it means me.'

'I just don't know 'bout dat,' admitted Sam.

'"Blessed are dey dat mourn for dey shall be comforted."'

'Dat' means my mother,' said Mike.

'An' my mother, too,' said Sam.

'"Blessed are de meek for dey shall inherit de earth.'

'"Blessed are dey which hunger and thrist after righteousness, for dey shall be filled."'

'Dat means both of us, Sam, fer ain't we hungry most of de time?'

'But look, Mike, it says "hunger fer righteousness." Dat means hunger to be right, or to do de honest t'ing.'

'Den dat don't mean me,' said Mike quietly.

'"Blessed are de merciful fer dey shall obtain mercy."

'"Blessed are de pure in heart fer dey shall—dey shall—dey—shall." W'at shall dey do, Mike?'

'Dey—shall—see—God,' Mike stumbled out.

'"Blessed are the peacemakers fer dey shall be called de children of God."'

'Dat mean you, Sam,' exclaimed Mike, 'fer don't yer know yesterday when dat tough jumped on Cripple Joe, how you rolled up yer sleeves an' knocked him out?'

And there those two street waifs sat under the shadow of the great building with the Word of God before them for the first time, looking into its truths so strange to them. Sam next turned to the Lord's prayer. He had not learned that yet, but he read it to wondering Mike, and after that the twenty-third psalm, and all the while they commented in their simple, serious fashion.

At last Mike spoke up: 'Say, Sam, you say yer goin' ter get dat picture next Saturday? Wonder if dey would let me set on de back seat, fer I'd like ter see you do dose fellers up?'

'Of course you can! Dey's queer people. Dey don't care how poor a feller is—you know, Mike, I'm 'bout as tough lookin' as dey make 'um, an' a feller dat was dressed fine took my hand an' almost drug me into de church.'

So when the hour for league arrived, Sam and Mike put in appearance, somewhat cleaner than they had ever been before—Sam carrying Mrs. Miley's Bible wrapped in a newspaper.

'And who is this friend?' asked Mrs. Miley.

'Dis is Mike,' was Sam's introduction.

'Well, Mike, we are glad you are here.'

Sam did not say much. He was serious, and all the time kept his eye on a large colored picture of the cross with great radiating streams of light. He had thought of that picture all week, and had put in every spare moment between 'shines' committing verses for the contest.

One after another arose and repeated their verses, some running as high as twelve or fifteen. It was evident that there had been other eyes on the exceptionally beautiful chart picture for the week, and when Jennie Morrow repeated twenty verses all agreed that she would succeed.

But they must call on Sam. He was a member now, so the secretary called out: 'Samuel Kegan!'

Sam hardly recognized that version of his name, while Mike grinned; but Mrs. Miley nodded to him assuringly. He arose with the 'beatitudes,' and went through to the last 'blessed.' That made eleven verses. He then repeated the twenty-third psalm and made it seventen. He kept to his feet and started out on the fourteenth chapter of John—'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid; ye believe in God, believe also in me'—and he went slowly and hesitatingly—eighteen, nineteen, twenty; and when twenty-one verses were repeated the whole league clapped their hands. But he did not stop, and went on until thirty-one verses were credited to him.

Then looking over to Mrs. Miley, he asked: 'Missis Miley, is de picture mine?'

'You dear boy, yes; here it is.'

He held the picture before him for a minute or two while Mrs. Miley told him what it meant—that Christ Jesus died there for him, that Christ loves him and would help him be a better boy.

'And did He die for Mike here?' asked Sam.

Why, Mike, of course. Children, how many of you would like to see Mike become a member of our league?' And from every tongue came the cry: 'I do!' 'I do!'—Robb Zaring, in 'Junior Herald.'

The Sunday-School and the Citizen.

A merely prohibitive and preventive force, however salutary it may be, is not everything the community needs. It wants its sons and daughters imbued with positive principles of the highest sort—smitten with a hunger and thirst for the sublimest ideals. They must have a passion for civic and national righteousness and truth. And should not this be the outcome of the training given them Sunday after Sunday? The true teacher is not satisfied with acquainting his pupils with the letter of scripture; he desires to see them impregnated through and through with its spirit. It is not enough for him that they should be familiar wth the Galilean Saviour of nineteen centuries ago; he travails in birth until Christ is formed within them, the Hope of future glory, and the Fountain of present holiness and wisdom and strength. If he be successful—and God is not unmindful of his work of faith and labor of love—the country owes to him some of its best citizens. He is creating a public opinion of the most wholesome kind. He is sending forth successive troops of young men and women whose voices will be raised, whose influence will be cast, whose votes will be registered, on the side of the things which are honorable and just and lovely and of good report. It is a splendid task which he performs, and there are few patriots more worthy of our admiration and praise. Before the Scottish Covenanters, humble men and women for the most part, there floated the magnificent vision of a Christian state linked in unbreakable wedlock with Jesus Christ its King. It is the vision which thrills and inspires the lowliest Sunday-school teacher in the land, provided only he is in real sympathy with his calling.—'Sunday-school Chronicle.'

Who Will Go For Us?

BY A YOUNG BRAHMIN LADY.

(Written in English by herself.)

Listen, listen, English sisters,
Hear an Indian sister's plea,
Grievous wails, dark ills revealing,
Depths of human woe unsealing,
Borne across the deep blue sea.
'We are dying day by day,
With no bright, no cheering ray,
Naught to lighten up our gloom,
Cruel, cruel, is our doom.'

Listen, listen, Christian sisters,
Show ye have a Christ-like heart;
Hear us sadly, sadly moaning,
'Neath our load of sorrow groaning
Writhing 'neath its bitter smart;
With no hope of rest above,
Knowing not a Father's love;
Your true sympathy we crave,
You can help us, you can save.

Listen, listen, Christian sisters,
Hark! they call, and call again;
Can ye pass them by unheeding
All their eager, earnest pleading?
Hear ye not their plaintive strain?
Let your tender hearts be moved,
Let your love for Christ be proved,
Not by idle tears alone,
But by noble actions shown.

This is no romantic story,
Not an idle, empty tale;
Not a vain, far-fetched ideal,
No, your sisters' woes are real.
Let their pleading tones prevail.
As ye prize a Father's love,
As ye hope for rest above,
As your sins are all forgiven,
As ye have a home in heaven.

Rise, and take the gospel message,
Bear its tidings far away;
Far away to India's daughters;
Tell them of the living waters,
Flowing, flowing, day by day.
That they too may drink and live,
Freely have ye, freely give;
Go, disperse the shades of night
With the Glorious gospel light.

Many jewels, rare and precious,
If ye sought them, ye should find,
Deep in heathen darkness hidden,
Ye are by the Master bidden,
If ye know that Master's mind;
Bidden, did I say? Ah, no!
Without bidding ye will go
Forth to seek the lone and lost;
Rise and go, whate'er the cost.

Would ye miss His welcome greeting,
When he comes in glory down?
Rather would ye hear Him saying,—
As before Him ye are laying
Your bright trophies for His crown—
'I accept your gathered spoil,
I have seen your earnest toil;
Faithful ones, well done! well done!
Ye shall shine forth as the sun.'

—'Female Missionary Intelligencer.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Paper Chase.

(By C. E. Mallandane, 'The Dawn of Day').

It was a beautiful evening early in June. From the masses of white pinks in Joyce Merton's garden came whiffs of pungent fragrance, and the honeysuckle in the hedge by the gate smelt sweet,

'As if the world were one
Of utter peace and love and gentleness."

But the looks and tones of the two who stood under the walnut tree were not in harmony with the calm loveliness of their surroundings. Joyce Merton had a flush on her cheeks, an angry sparkle in her hazel eyes, while her companion showed as much pertubation as a man of his massive build, and fair, impassive face is ever capable of revealing.

'If you want to know my opinion of him,' he was saying, 'it's just this—he's an adventurer.'

'You've no need to tell me your opinion,' was the indignant answer; 'I know it quite well. I know how you go hinting it here and there, just where it will do most harm. You've made father suspicious, though he owns he has no fault to find with him. It's a shame! How would you like to be treated so if you went to get a job in a strange place?'

'I should never be fool enough to attempt anything of the sort without taking my credentials with me.'

'Oh, of course not. You are always right in every respect, to your own thinking. But I tell you what, Stephen: you'd do well to copy Walter Penny in one thing. He's never missed his church on a Sunday since he came.'

Stephen bit his lip.

'We all know what that means,' he muttered, 'humbug!'

'That's a nice, generous speech to make,' said Joyce, in a voice of scorn; 'because you won't go yourself you must needs belittle those who do. We are all humbugs, and you are the only honest one! What you want, Stephen Oldroyd, is a good humbling, and I hope you may get it.'

At this Stephen deliberately turned his back on the walnut tree, the girlish figure beneath it, the black board above the gate on which the words 'William Merton, Builder and Contractor,' stood out in gold letters, and marched away at a quick pace, along the lane between the flowery hedges.

If any stranger, passing through the village of Bushbury, three miles from the large country town of Merton, had thought fit to stop and enquire who was the steadiest, most hard-working man the little place contained, the answer he would have received from well-nigh every mouth would have been 'Stephen Oldroyd.' If he had pushed his enquiries further, and demanded particulars relating to this same Stephen, he would have been told, with a touch of pitying wonder at his ignorance of local celebrities, that young Oldroyd—the son of poor, respectable parents, who died when he was a lad—had raised himself to the position he now occupied entirely by his cleverness and good qualities. He had outdone the busy bee in the diligence with which he improved the shining hour; and having a strong turn for business, obtained employment as clerk at an iron foundry in Merton. His trustworthiness soon won him the confidence of his employers; and as he was one of those rare happy people who possess not only quickness of intellect, but also a capacity for hard plodding, he bade fair to be a successful man, and Bushbury was already proud of him. Amongst those who admired him most heartily, and had a strong personal regard for him as well, were Mr. and Mrs. Croft, of Elmtree Farm, distant relations of his mother's, with whom he had lodged since he had been left an orphan.

'It's from his mother's side he gets his brains,' said Mr. Croft with a complacent chuckle; 'his father was well enough, but he'd a poor head-piece, and none of his family was ever aught but middling sharp. Now, Stephen—he's good all round, that's what he is.'

'There's one thing about him I'd have different,' said his wife; 'I wish he was more of a church-goer.'

'That'll come, when he's married and head of a family, if he marries the right woman. Joyce Merton now — she goes very regular, and she's a girl of spirit. Her husband'll find she's not the sort of wife to do all his churchgoing for him, as some wives do, leaving the men to loaf about at home.'

'Do you think she'll ever take Stephen for

HE THRUST THE ENVELOPE BETWEEN THE FOLDS.

her husband?' said Mrs. Croft. 'I have doubts about it myself.'

'Take him? why any girl would take him who'd a scrap of sense, and Joyce has plenty. Beauty as she is she'll never get a better chance. He's bound to get on, and he's a fine-looking chap too, and steady as old Time. What more can she want?'

His wife made no answer, but she did not look convinced. For there was another at Elmtree Farm who, it's mistress thought, was on friendlier terms with Joyce Merton than any man had ever been —even Stephen Oldroyd, who had known her from childhood. For the last four years Joyce had been universally regarded as the prettiest girl in Bushbury, and there were few young men in the neighborhood who had not, at any rate, fancied themselves in love with her. But Joyce was a difficult, almost unapproachable subject from a lover's point of view. She could be a capital comrade — bright and genial as a fair spring morning, so long as the limits of comradeship were strictly observed; but at any hint of warmer feeling, the skies were clouded, a cold wind blew, and all her frank friendliness vanished. She and Stephen had been playmates in old days, and as his prosperity increased, and he evidently rose higher and higher in Mr. Merton's esteem, the belief gained ground that he was destined to be the favored suitor.

'It's just like his luck,' the other young men grumbled.

Stephen himself began to have hopes of success and all seemd to be going smoothly and prosperously for him, when an obstacle arose in the shape of a stranger, one Walter Penny, a good-looking, high-spirited young fellow of his own age, who had settled in Bushbury, and established himself in everybody's good graces with astonishing rapidity. He was a skilled carpenter with a talent for wood carving, and old Merton, who knew a good workman when he saw one, consented at once to take him on trial, though Penny frankly owned he could give no character, as he had been working on his own account, and failed through lack of capital. That was some months ago; and Walter Penny, in spite of a very bad memory and a careless, happy-go-lucky way which often tried old Merton's patience, had given such satisfaction by his good workmanship, that he had been entrusted with the carving of the oak staircase in the new wing, lately built on to Bushbury Hall.

From the first Stephen had been inclined to look upon the clever, engaging stranger as an interloper, likely to outshine him in the public esteem. When he discovered the strong, close friendship which had sprung up between Walter and Joyce, these faintly hostile feelings changed to jealous dislike, and after that hot dispute under the walnut tree—the first that he and his old playfellow had ever had since the childish quarrels of long ago—dislike became positive hatred.

Her last speech had struck home, for it was quite true tha he did pride himself on his honesty in staying away from Divine Service. Not that he was an unbeliever: it was simply that he had not felt the need of religion, and was confident that he did just as well without it. His evenly-balanced nature had protected him from the temptations which beset more impulsive men, and it had never been difficult to him to keep straight. What was the use of kneeling down and confessing himself to be a miserable sinner when he was morally certain he was nothing of the sort? Why should he, strong and self-reliant as he had always been, ask for help which he did not want? No, whatever other men—whatever Walter Penny might do—there should be no humbug about him; he would never pretend piety to curry favor with anyone.

About two hours after he left Joyce, as he entered the little sitting room at the farm where he and his fellow lodger had their meals, the frank, good humored voice which he was beginning to loathe greeted him with a cheery—

'Hullo, Oldroyd, here you are at last! I've nearly done my supper. What have you been doing with yourself?'

'I've been for a ride,' answered Stephen curtly, seating himself at the table.

'Ah! that reminds me I must have a look at my machine; I've got to ride to Merton to-morrow. I'm worth robbing to-night, Oldroyd. Look here,' and he drew from an envelope lying on the table a bank note for £20.

'Where did you get it from?' asked Stephen, curiously.

'It's old Merton's—it's not mine, worse

luck! He asked me to change it for him at the bank.'

He put it back in the envelope as he spoke, and tossed it carelessly on the table. The envelope was an old one, addressed to Mr. Walter Penny, and rather tattered-looking. Stephen felt a contempt for the unbusiness-like habit which could trust a £20 note to such an insecure covering.

'You'll be losing it if you don't look out,' he said. 'Why on earth don't you put it in your purse or your pocket-book?' Walter laughed 'You're right. It would be an awkward job for me if it disappeared. Merton's not the chap to overlook a thing of that sort. I could see he had two minds about trusting me with it at all.' He drew out his pocket-book, then laid it down to cut his companion some bread. He was in such a sociable, talkative mood that Stephen could not be as morose and silent as he could have wished. When he was actually with Penny his dislike was never quite so active; there seemed to be a something in the atmosphere which forced him to be friendly in spite of himself. But when Walter had wished him good night, rather earlier than usual, and he was alone, the old feelings rushed back upon him, and he sat brooding in his chair by the open widow until half-past eleven.

As he rose to go to bed his eyes fell on something lying under the table. He stooped to pick it up; it was the thin, dirty envelope which had contained the bank note. Had contained it? Why it was there now! What an abominably careless, forgetful fellow that Penny was—no more fit to be trusted than a child! He had taken out his pocket-book intending to put the note inside it, then his volatile mind had gone off to something else, the pocket-book had been mechanically thrust back into its resting place, and the envelope with the £20 still inside it had been brushed off the table on to the floor.

As Stephen stood with it in his fingers Walter's words flashed into his mind, 'Merton's not the chap to forgive a thing of that sort.'

No; Stephen knew the old builder well enough to feel sure that even if he did not go so far as to credit his clever workman with having appropriated the missing bank note, he would not be likely to overlook his gross carelessness in losing it. And it would serve him right too, and be a useful lesson to him, besides putting a spoke in his wheel, and destroying all his chance with old Merton's daughter.

It seemed to Stephen as if he had been standing for hours with the envelope in his hand, yet it was not really more than five minutes before the strength in which he trusted, broke down utterly beneath the force of the most powerful temptation he had ever known. To take the note out of the room with him would have made him feel like a thief—to tear it up into fragments went against his inborn respect for money. He opened a cupboard in the wall where Mrs. Croft kept a number of old newspapers thrust the envelope between the folds of one of them, and went upstairs to bed. He slept soundly; but when he awoke, the thought of facing his unsuspecting victim was unendurable.

He rose at once, dressed as quickly as possible, had his breakfast a full hour earlier than usual, and was off to Merton on his bicycle before Walter was up. In the evening he worked late at the office, and slept at a friend's house, as he sometimes did, instead of returning to Bushbury.

He awoke very early the next morning, when it was scarcely light, and after tossing about for a little while, he went to the window and drew up the blind. Even the tall chimney stacks and squalid houses of Meriton were tranfigured in the pearly light of the stainless dawn; and as Stephen stood looking at the clear sky and fleecy clouds, already tinted with rose color, and thinking of the reason which kept him from returning to Bushbury, suddenly a question seemed to be distinctly asked him, and it was this,

'What would you yourself have said, a few days ago, about a man who could do what you did on Thursday night?'

The inward answer was decided and prompt.

'I should say he was a mean hound, who has done one of the dirtiest tricks ever heard of.'

And then conscience said clearly and sternly, 'Thou art the man.'

In the stillness arose the loud chirping of a number of jubilant, but sooty sparrows, welcoming the new day. To Stephen it sounded like a host of accusing voices, repeating the sentence which the still small voice within had already passed upon him. Yes, he, Stephen Oldroyd, and none other, had stooped to do this thing, and for what? To win Joyce Merton, the pure-hearted, truth-loving girl, who hated all that was mean and under-hand, in

'I DIDN'T TAKE NO PAPERS.'

whose presence he now felt as if he could never hold up his head again. How could he have fallen so low—he, of all people? But it was not too late: the deed could be undone, though nothing could restore his absolute confidence in himself as a man incapable of a dishonest, or even an ungenerous, action. Never had the work hours seemed so long as they did that morning; but it was Saturday, and at one o'clock he was free.

He was riding past the Mertons' house when he heard a well-known voice calling him, and most unwillingly he dismounted, and went to meet Joyce at the gate.

'I want to beg your pardon, Stephen,' she said tremulously; 'I spoke hastily, and I hurt you, and I'm sorry.'

'It's not for you to beg my pardon,' he answered almost inaudibly; 'you were in the right—you always are.'

'Don't taunt me, Stephen: be friends with me. Such a dreadful thing has happened: Walter Penny has lost a bank note of father's, which he was to have changed at Meriton. Father is frightfully angry, and no wonder! It was careless, but he believes poor Walter has stolen it, and I know that isn't true.'

There was a sound as of tears in her voice, and it cut Stephen to the heart. Before he could speak she went on—

'I want you to be kind and generous and talk to father. He would listen to you. I know you don't like Walter; but you can't think as badly of him as that. And I do want to help him—we are such friends.'

She paused for a second, and then added in a lower voice, 'I don't think it would be a breach of confidence now, to tell you something of what he has told me. He has been unsteady, and he is trying so hard to do better. That was why he came here, right away from bad companions and old temptations. And he is in love, Stephen, with a girl who won't look at him, he says, unless he redeems his character. She is a teacher at the school where he used to live. He thinks she does care for him really, but she says—— Oh, Stephen, what is it? Where are you going?'

'To give him back that bank note,' answered Stephen hoarsely; and before she could utter a syllable in her great wonder at his strange looks, and still stranger words, he had mounted his bicycle and was out of sight.

Up the stairs at the farm and into the sitting room rushed Stephen like a whirlwind. He tore open the door of the cupboard in the wall—it was empty! The newspaper was gone. A minute later Mrs. Croft, peacefully ironing in the kitchen, heard heavy, hasty footsteps in the stone passage; then the door burst open, and Stephen stood before her—

'Who has touched the papers in the wall-cupboard in our room?' he cried.

'Bless us! What ails the lad? They're no papers of yours, Steevie—only a lot of rubbishy newspapers. The man came round yesterday morning who buys up all our rubbish, so I cleared out that cupboard with the rest, as I always do, and he took away a fine sackful.'

'The man—what man?'

'Why, Fagan, to be sure, the rag-and-bone man. You must have passed his place scores of times, for it's at the corner of Stafford street, not a stone's throw from your works. But stop a bit, Steevie; I want to ask you——'

Stephen did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence. He clattered down the passage, sprang on to his bicycle again, and Mrs. Croft, looking out of the window, saw him riding furiously along the road which led to Meriton. At half-past three Stephen stood in the little yard where Fagan sorted his miscellaneous purchases before reselling them. Fagan was decidedly an unprepossessing man, with small, sharp eyes which glanced at Stephen suspiciously when he put the question—

'What have you done with the papers you took away from Elmtree Farm yesterday morning?'

'I didn't take no papers. I paid for all as I had,' replied Fagan, in an injured tone.

'Yes, yes,—I know. But where are they?'

'And what's that got to do with you?'

Stephen realized that it would be wiser not to seem too eager.

'There's a paper I want amongst them, I fancy,' he said; 'I just want to look through them. Where are they?'

'Where are they? Well, if the hinformtion's of value to you, as I suppose it is, or you wouldn't have come after it in such a hurry, p'raps you'll pay me a bob down, and then I'll give it to you.'

The shilling was handed over promptly, and Stephen then learned to his disgust that the sack of papers had gone by rail the preceding evening, with several others, to Isaacs and Co., Little Lane, Birmingham. There was nothing for it but to pursue the chase.

He arrived at Issacs' warehouse soon

after six, only to find that it was closed. After numerous inquiries and a long search he at length found Isaacs, a man of the same calling as Fagan, but several cuts above him, and much more good-natured.

Stephen saw there was no help for it; he must take him into his confidence, and together they repaired to the warehouse, prepared to wade through the contents of the six sacks which had formed Fagan's consignment of the night before.

While this long protracted search was being carried on, Walter Penny was leaning over the gate which led into a pine wood at the back of Bushbury Hall, feeling as if he had no spirit left in him. His impression of having put the notes securely in the pocket-book was so strong, that, though he joined with Mr. Croft in hunting for it in every likely and unlikely place on the farm premises, he had not the dimmest hope of finding it there. He could not imagine when or how he had lost it. It served him right, he supposed, for his carelessness, but it was just like his luck. What was the use of turning over a new leaf and trying to get on? He was bound to fail sooner or later. There was no hope now of winning his Mary; he should have to leave Bushbury with a cloud on him, and he might as well return to the old wild life, which at any rate had some excitement in it.

But only a year ago there had been a turning-point in Walter's career, when a helping hand was held out to him, and a voice, full of earnest pleading, had stirred the depths within and roused him—first to repentance, then to purpose and resolve. How well he remembered him, that young curate no older than himself, who had been—who was—his best and truest friend. No, he could not go back now; he could not be false to that friendship, nor to the love for a good woman, which had been helping him all these months along the uphill path. And so he fought his fight amongst the red sunbeams and sweet-scented pine trees, and the next morning found him in his old place, at the early service, praying for submission and strength.

He made a poor pretence at breakfast, and then wondering, not for the first time, what could have become of Oldroyd, he went to the Mertons' house with the intention of seeing his late employer, and settling one or two little matters before leaving the following day. He felt that he would rather get them off his mind at once, before he went to church again, and he had a hope of a few words of sympathy from Joyce, the only person now, he thought sadly, who believed in him.

It was ten o'clock, and Mr. Merton and his daughter were sitting in the parlor which looked out on to the garden. The Sunday peace had found its way into the pretty, cheerful room, and seemed to have had a softening effect even on the stern, hard-hearted old builder. He greeted his former workman civilly, and there was a degree less of ice in his tone as he bade him be seated.

Walter had barely begun what he had come to say, when the door opened, and Stephen Oldroyd walked in, looking dusty and tired, as well he might, for his paper chase had taken him half the night and he had ridden from Birmingham that morning. He went straight up to Walter and laid before him the familiar tattered envelope, dirtier than ever, but with the bank-note safe and sound inside.

'What!—what's the meaning of this?' cried Walter, starting up, while Joyce clasped her hands with a cry of thankfulness, and the old man put on his spectacles and stared at the crackling piece of paper as if he had never seen a bank-note in his life before.

'It means,' said Stephen, 'that I have been a scoundrel, and done you about the dirtiest trick one man can play another.' And he made a full confession then and there before them all three.

'You told me once, Joyce, that I wanted a good humbling,' said Stephen some weeks later. 'I think I've had it. I don't feel like ever trusting myself again.'

'Ah, but you've found something better to trust in,' she answered softly, 'and because of that I'm not afraid to trust myself to you. I can look to you now to help me, and I want help so much. Oh, Steevie, it's more than I dared hope, or dream.'

For the discovery that he was not proof against temptation was a shock which upset all Stephen's old theories, and through the realization of his own weakness he had learned to seek a higher strength. When he and Joyce were married he neither expected nor wished her to 'do all his church-going for him,' and the husband and wife were ever, and most truly

'One
In spirit and the love of holy things.'

By the Side of the Cornish Sea.

(By Mabel Quiller Couch.)

In a quiet, uneventful country place life flows swiftly on, more swiftly apparently, perhaps, than in the busier, bustling atmosphere of a town, where one lives one's life more actively, conscious of every moment and hour of it; while in the country one day is so much like another that the days and weeks slip by unrealized, and one finds with a start that a month has gone, or a year, or Christmas is on again ere one realizes that summer is over.

Swiftly eight years passed away—the eight years of Zekiel Pendray's imprisonment. Eight years of hard work, peace and modest prosperity to Mercy Pendray and her father at Pensallas Mine. Now and again some of the other cottages out there had filled; but for the most part the women and children who formed the greater part of Pensallas's population were frightened at the loneliness of the cottages by the gaunt old mine on the moor, and preferred the more thickly-inhabited old town.

Mary Truman often spoke of these years as the happiest of her life, and time had brought healing and comfort to Mercy, too, so that her life had been far from unhappy. Hard work had helped her much to forget her troubles, and trusting faith had helped her more. Month after month and year after year she had worked away cheerfully, doing with her might all that came to her hand to do, trusting and hoping that all would come right in God's own time.

During all those eight long years she had not once seen anything of her old lover, David Warne. True, he had once written to her suggesting coming to see her; but Mercy had declined the suggestion with grave determination and no hesitation, and then had wept bitterly in the darkness of the night, when the old heartache came back again with all its old force.

Mary Truman's children grew up one by one, strong and healthy, and a credit to their mother and 'aunt,' as they called Mercy; and very glad the two women would have been to have kept them at home had the laundry work been enough for them all. But, looking ahead into the future, they thought it would be far better for them to go into service, and learn something of which they could make sure of a home and a living.

So Lizzie, the eldest, who was sixteen, came to me to help in the nursery, where Master Michael was by that time domineered over by two small sisters; and Ellen, the second, went to live with Mrs. Parsons to be trained as a housemaid. Danny, the boy, who was barely fourteen, stayed at home for the time, as they could not do without him to carry the baskets of linen backwards and forwards, and the eggs and poultry to the town. A donkey and cart had long been added to the family possessions, and Danny and his donkey had become familiar sights on the road to Troon and everywhere around Pensallas.

As often as the law permitted, Mercy went to see her father in the prison, and a great source of joy it was to her, as the years went on, to see how softened and repentant he grew. At first she had found him hard and reserved, and apparently not at all pleased to see her, or interested in her or her movements; but as time went on he changed greatly — he grew gentler and kinder, full of remorse for the sorrow and disgrace he had brought upon her, and gratitude for what she had done to repair the misery he had brought on poor Mary and her children. His behaviour in prison became admirable, and his determination to lead a new and better life, and endeavor to some extent to retrieve the past, seemed sincere and strong.

Instead of the ten years of his sentence, he was, because of his good conduct, released at the end of eight; and as the time drew near his excitement and nervousness became almost painful, his remorse for what he had been and what he had become intense.

On one of the last visits Mercy was to pay him he broke down utterly at the prospect of beginning life again outside—a free man, yet with a past which would hang around his neck like a millstone.

'I must go right away, my dear,' he said miserably—'change my name, and go right away where no one won't know me. I'll get work and manage somehow, but I can't come back and be a disgrace to you and spoil your home and happiness again. I've tried to face it, but I can't.'

Mary was dumbfounded. It was the first she had heard of these feelings of his, and the knowledge was disappointment.

'Father, father,' she cried, 'you must come home! I have been looking forward to it all this long time. It's what I've been looking and praying and living for. Father dear, believe me, no one will throw up the past to you now. Everyone will be glad to give you a welcome. You must come to Pensallas; we all want you.'

Zekiel shook his head sadly. To begin life again at his age, and with a mountain of remorse crushing him down, made the thought of leaving prison anything but a happy one. But he could not go back—that was all he was aware of. He had ever been a home-keeping man; his own little country-side bordered his horizon, and life elsewhere held no charms for him. But he had got it into his head that to go away and efface himself as far as he was able was all he could do for Mercy, and the best he could do for her; so his mind was made up.

'Think of the sea, father; you couldn't live away from the sea, could you now?'

He shook his head again, still more sadly.

'I'd be terrible wisht without it,' he ad-

mitted: 'I reckon I should feel lost if I was to live inland very far.'

'And at home we could get you work at once. There's enough for you to do about the place, for we could take in a good bit more garden to till. And you and I could move into another cottage, and leave Mary and Danny to themselves, if you'd rather; and then there'd be the two gardens to 'tend to. There are two or three of the cottages to let at Pensallas Mine. There are only two occupied—ours and one John Toms lias.'

'Pensallas Mine,' he said vaguely. 'Oh, yes; I'm always forgetting you've left the old place! I can't somehow picture anyone living in that lonesome spot, out on those great moors. Don't you feel afraid, child?'

'No; we've never felt afraid nor lonesome since we've been there. We've got a dog and cat; and it's so comfortable inside when the house is shut up one doesn't feel miserable or lonely. We are too far out of the way of anybody to come to do us harm. We ain't worth coming so far to rob; and,' she went on musingly, 'I think God seems nearer one in a great open place like that.'

But still Mercy's argument could not prevail on Zekiel to come home when he was released; and when she saw how absolutely painful the thought of facing his old friends and neighbors, and worse still the widow and children of the man he had murdered, was, she ceased to urge him, though bitterly disappointed.

He won't tell me where he is going or anything,' she said to me, tears running down her cheeks, 'because he won't hear of my giving up my home here to go with him. But I must. I couldn't let him go away alone to a strange place amongst nothing but strangers. He is getting to be an old man now, and is broken-spirited and frail; and there's no knowing how he'll be able to get work or food or anything. I must find out where he goes, and must follow him. I think he won't send me away when he has felt the loneliness a little while.'

But the thought of giving up her little house and the moors she loved so, and Mary and the children, was a terribly hard blow to her, and all the harder because so sudden and unexpected. I could see she became almost heartbroken as the time drew near for her to say farewell to it all.

She was very quiet, and talked only of the happy home she hoped to make for her father, and of their future life together; but her eyes would linger wistfully on the purple heathery sweeps of the moor around her, or her fowls and ducks, and the little flower garden she had tended so carefully, and where 'my boy's love,' and 'my lavender bushes,' as I always called them, still lingered in honorable old age.

She took an almost fierce pleasure in doing all she could for Mary and Danny, and all the time her home-sickness was terrible. That she battled against it, and battled against it bravely, there is no denying; but she could not keep all the signs of it out of her poor, sad eyes, and wistful mouth.

To say Mary Truman grieved would be but to very mildly express her feelings. Life without Mercy seemed to her impossible. It could not be—it must not be! Her grief was overwhelming and unrestrained; but it warmed Mercy's heart—it did her good to be told how much she was loved, and would be missed.

Her life had been very starved of love, and to hear and see the love she had won for herself was more to her just then than the knowledge of it in her own heart.

But all Mary's wails and moans, and the children's pleadings did not turn her from her purpose. If her father would not come to her home, she must go and make a home for him, wherever he chose to be, and stay with him as long as he needed her. And from that determination she would not swerve.

So the weeks sped by, and the day of his release came. Mercy did not go to meet him when he came out, for he had expressly bidden her not. But, early though the hour was when the prison gates were opened before him, Mercy was up earlier, her face pale with emotion, her heart throbbing, her brain busy with a thousand thoughts, trying hard to go on with her work, and bide patiently till she might go to him.

All through the long night she had lain awake, praying passionately for help and guidance in her course, and as morning dawned, and the eventful day wore on, she prayed continually for strength—and found it.

Calm succeeded storm. Her course was plain before her. She had only to bow her head to the yoke, and she would do it, cost her what it might. She would think only of the happy side, of her home with her father, the happy life she would strive to make for him, and was anxious only to live the better life, and repair the errors of his past life.

'Ah!' she sighed, once more, 'if he would only come back here and see the moor, and the sea he loved so, I am sure he would be happy.' But she put the thought from her.

It was not to be. He felt he could not face the victim of his crime. Probably Mary would shrink from seeing him; certainly the children would look with horror and the intolerance of youth upon him. She had thought only of herself and not of him. Of course, it was better he should go away. She could be happy anywhere—in a little while.

The day wore on to a stormy ending, and evening closed in swiftly. A hurricane blew over the hill and across the moor; a thick, driving rain swept across the flat land in great clouds. With an increased sense of comfort and safety, and a sigh of content and regret, Mercy shut the cottage door, and stirred up the fire to a quick blaze. She loved to sit inside in the light and warmth, and hear the storm raging without.

From the little back kitchen came sounds of frizzling and snapping, and a savory smell of bacon frying, while the kettle on the hob in the front kitchen hummed and then sang. Mercy took out the little black tea-pot and warmed it with water from the singing kettle, and stood there for a moment in the glow of the fire, pondering what her first step must be. She must keep a watch on her father's movements, or she might lose sight of him altogether, seeing it was his great aim to hide himself completely.

Mary's heavy step in the back kitchen, and her voice addressing the cat, roused her. She tried to be bright and cheerful before the others; she did not want to worry them before it became inevitable.

The frizzling and spluttering ceased, and there was a rattle of a dish being put into the oven. Mercy turned away to empty the teapot and make the tea, and at the same moment came a knock at the door. It was so sharp and loud a knock that there was no putting it down to the racket of the storm; and before Mercy could reach the door it was repeated, making the hearts of the two women leap with fright. Swiftly she flew and undid bolt and latch, and opened it wide.

The sudden rush of wind and rain blew up the flame of the lamp, and nearly put it out. Mary caught up the lamp, and, sheltering it behind her apron, stepped forward behind Mercy. The light fell full on the form in the doorway. At the sight of a man standing there Mary started with fear; Mercy gave a terrified scream.

'Dave!' she cried, 'Dave! What is it? What has happened? Tell me!' She was alarmed as well as surprised, for David Warne leaned against the doorpost like a man exhausted and half stupified. Only by a great effort could he bring himself to speak.

'Come,' he said, 'quickly. Bring lantern and ropes, and help, if you can get it; he may be saved yet.'

'Who?' cried Mercy, thinking only that he was raving, and little guessing at the answer.

'Your father.'

For a moment she stood thunderstruck. 'Father!' she gasped. 'Father here?'

'Yes; it is he. I can't stay to tell you now; he has fallen—down one of the pits—and is hurt. I will tell you all by and by.'

Without another question, they flew about to do his bidding, hastily collecting all the clothes-lines they possessed, and the lanterns, and summonnig John Toms from his snug fireside, to his great amaze, to lend his assistance.

Soon young John Toms and his brother Luke were speeding, lantern in hand, across the desolate moor and up steep Pensallas Hill for help and the doctor, while all the other inhabitants of the little spot hurried to the pitside to do the best they could, and that quickly.

For what, to Mercy, at least, seemed a lifetime of terror and anxiety, they struggled in the rain and tempest, sometimes hopeful, sometimes despairing of reaching him before it was too late.

Zekiel Pendray had fallen down a pit by the old mine—a pit many feet deep—and that he was injured badly they could not doubt. By the flickering light of the clumsy lanterns they lowered they could see his white face with its closed eyes, and the rain beat down on it, and the lantern-light shone on it; but he paid no heed.

One thing was certain—he was too much hurt to help himself. Dave could not be spared, nor John Toms, for their strength was necessary to hold up the ropes and raise him. Danny could go, but he could not lift him alone, nor fasten the ropes round him.

'I will go,' said Mercy decisively. 'Fasten a rope around me and let me go with Danny.'

David Warne groaned when he heard her decision.

'Could you hold the rope and let me go?' he asked eagerly.

'No, no; I will go. I can ease him. Our ropes are not very strong either, and I am light to raise. You and John Toms must try to manage alone, for it will be long before help can come from Pensallas. It will take the children double the usual time to cross the moor on such a night. Come, Danny you are not afraid, are you?.

So Danny, with his heart beating with excitement, and Mercy, with hers full of chill fear, were lowered in turn over the rough sides of the deep pit; and there between them they raised the unconscious man and carried him to the side, where the Danny you are not afraid, are you?'

He was only a light weight, and Mercy's heart ached to see how thin and aged he was. Then, after much labor and struggling, with the rain soaking them, and the wind roaring around them, they fastened

the ropes securely round his body, and slowly but surely, with wildly anxious hearts and careful hands, those above drew him up, and eager, tender hands lifted him unconscious over the sides and laid him down.

But Mary—tender-hearted Mary, aching as she was in every limb, her hands raw and bleeding from the help she had given with the ropes—wrapped him in warm blankets; and with John Toms' assistance raised him from the cold, wet ground and carried him across to the cosy, firelit kitchen.

Danny was raised next; and then Mercy, swaying in mid-air one moment, bumping, bruising herself against the sides the next too weary and worn out to make any effort to save herself. Exhausted and bruised, she crept slowly away to the house, too bewildered at first to remember David or anyone else. But she had not gone many paces before the thought of him flashed back on her mind, and with it a shock of fear.

'David! Dave!' she called weakly, peering through the beating rain—'David!'

But no answer came. Back by the pit edge David lay exhausted in mind and body, too spent to move or speak or hear.

So Mary Truman carried her husband's murderer across the threshold of her home, and Mercy, following later with the man who had scorned her in her need, found her ministering to him, trying vainly to restore him, all else forgotten save that he was hurt and needed help.

Danny was soon in bed, and sleeping off all effects of his adventure. David fell into an exhausted sleep on the great couch in the kitchen. Help unneeded, but lavishly offered, arrived from Pensallas. The doctor came and went, and came again, but still Zekiel Pendray made no response to their efforts to bring him back to consciousness.

Mary became hopeless, Mercy was growing despairing, and the night was far spent before the first faint fluttering breath cheered their anxious hearts. His eyes opened, and Mercy, kneeling beside him, saw that he recognised her.

'I couldn't keep away from the old place,' he whispered presently. 'I was hungering cruelly for the sight of the sea and the sound of her, and my feet turned homewards against my will.'

'Thank God!' said Mercy brokenly. 'Thank God, father, for bringing you back to me safe!'

His mind wandered again, but later he recovered consciousness once more, and recognized more clearly where he was, and who was with him. Seeing Mary Truman standing by, he begged piteously for her forgiveness for the wrong he had done her and hers; and Mary, weeping bitterly, assured him that long years since she had forgiven all, for dear Mercy's sake.

'She has never let me know want or trouble,' she said gratefully. 'No one knows what she has been to me and mine. I am sure God has forgiven all, as I have, for her sake.'

Her words appeared to comfort him greatly.

'Thank you, Mary,' he said humbly, and turned to Mercy. He put out his hand and took hers almost shyly. 'Can you kiss me, my girl, after all I have done?'

Mercy threw her arms round him tenderly. 'Father, dear father, I have nothing to forgive. Stay with me—only stay and let me make your life happy—that is all I want.'

He shook his head painfully. ''Tisn't to be, my girl,' he said. 'The Lord knows best. I was set on going far away, but my feet turned homewards against my will. I tried hard to go my own way, but He is leading me home. I'm nearly there now, Mercy. I'm glad to see where you and Mary have been so happy together—and I've heard the sea a-roaring and a-calling. I tried to go away, and get lost 'mongst strangers; but my feet turned homewards against my will.'

* * * * *

On the evening of the day when poor Zekiel Pendray was laid to rest in Pensallas Churchyard, Mercy, white, worn, and sorrowful, and David, grave and anxious, stood side by side looking out over the moor.

David was trying to point out to her the way he thought he had come that fatal night, and where he had first seen her father.

'I must have wandered nearly a mile out of my way,' he said, 'as far as I could tell, for I was coming up that way'—pointing to a great tract where no path or landmark was to be seen, away on the opposite side to where the white road to Pensallas lay along the edge of the moor—'instead of over there'—pointing to the usual tract, which was distinct and well worn now, running in from the main road—'and the rain was beating in my face, so that I could not raise my head, or open my eyes if I did; and the wind was deafening me so that I couldn't hear another sound; and I bore away and away until I got bewildered and lost, and walked first one way and then another, until all of a sudden a faint glimmer of light caught my eye, and so glad was I to see it that I made straight for it, never thinking of any danger in my path, or that I was near the old mine or the pit around it.

'Then all of a sudden the ground seemed to be breaking away under me; there was a jerk and a slip, and before I knew anything I felt myself seized and twirled round like a leaf in a gale. Then, before I could recover my senses, I heard a noise of scrambling and falling, a thud, and a groan. Too scared to know what to do next, I stood still where I was; for to be suddenly seized and twirled about by something unseen, in a place where you felt sure you were the only living creature abroad, was enough to frighten any man.

'But presently came the groan again from somewhere beneath my feet, and this time I thought it was the groan of a man. I got out matches and struck them, and hard enough it was to keep them alight in that hurricane; but at last I managed it, and by their light saw what had happened. I had been just on the point of stepping over the edge of the pit, when your father, who must have been close to the spot, heard or saw me, and knowing the place better than I did, and perhaps his eyes being more accustomed to the darkness, knew the danger. He clutched me and pushed me back on to safe ground; but with the effort slipped himself, and fell to the very death from which he had saved me.'

Mary sobbed bitterly.

'He must have been there waiting,' said she. 'Yes, out there in the cold and wet—waiting, and I was in the warmth and shelter, longing for him to be with me. He had come home after all—only to leave me again; just then, too—just then, when life was beginning afresh for him.'

The strain of all she had undergone was telling on her, and she sobbed like a heart-broken child whose grief is beyond control.

'May God accept the life he saved for the life he took, and forgive him!' she murmured brokenly.

'If I can make it worth His acceptance I will,' Dave said devoutly. 'Mercy, Mercy, will you forgive, and take as from your father's hands the life he saved? Many's the time I have started to come to you, dear, but stopped because—I was ashamed—after the way—I had treated you.

'That night the storm and darkness gave me courage, I think, and I felt how lonely I was, how lonely you were, and your father the most lonely of all, and I thought we two together could make him happy; and I—I knew it rested with you, Mercy, whether I should be happy again or not.

'I was too proud and self-satisfied,' went on David humbly, 'and I have been humbled. If He had wanted me He would have taken me instead of him that night; but He knew I was not fit, and your father was.'

Mercy's face brightened.

'Yes; I think—he was ready,' she said softly. 'I trusted and hoped, and God is bringing all right at last.'

They wandered away out on to the great heathery solitude, where the calmness and solemnity of the coming night, and the peace around them, calmed their troubled, aching hearts.

'Will you take me, Mercy?' Dave pleaded once more, 'in place of the life God has taken from you to Himself. He has humbled me for my behavior, dear, through your dear self. He has never let me forget you, Mercy, try as I would—not all these years.'

She turned to him quickly, a look of happy questioning on her face.

'I wonder ,' she said, 'I wonder if He meant that I should never forget you, for—with sudden, swift confession — 'I never have, Dave, and I—I did try to do so.'

[The End.]

Be In Time.

What a difficult thing in life it is to some people to be in time! They are late in rising in the morning, late for breakfast, late for the train, late for everything!—and they spend their days in fretful haste, trying to overtake the last moments.

One member of the household being late often puts the whole house out; breakfast lingers on the table when all should be at work; and the late member of the family has begun the day ill, and will no doubt be cross and disagreeable in consequence.

Many years ago I was running in haste to catch a train. I had put off doing so till the last moment, and arrived at the station hot and breathless to see the train puffing out I flung myself on a bench much out of temper, when a voice at my side made me start—

'Be in time for the future, and you will save yourself and others a deal of trouble and annoyance. A little self-denial will conquer the bad habit.'

The advice was kindly meant; I took it, and have found it a marvellous help. I believe that to be in time is the stepping-stone to success in life.—'Friendly Greetings.'

A Seaside Thought.

The white-winged ships sail past, and in
  Dim distance fade from view,
But though beyond our sight, we know
  They still their course pursue
O'er other seas to lands unknown—
By God's hand steered, by God's breath
  blown.

And so, where wandering winds of Heaven
  O'er silvery seas blow light,
Our loved and lost still work God's will,
  Though vanished from our sight;—
Their harbor light His smile; His breast
The haven where they find their rest.
—'Independent.'

The Children's Picnic.

It was a beautiful day in the leafy mouth of Jnne, and little Jack Gervase and his cousins, to the number of ten, were to have a picnic. Jack had never been at a picnic before, and was full of the grandest anticipations. He capered and danced round his mother in the height of his joy as she packed the basket with provisions.

It was a merry group that filled the cart when it was fairly under weigh.

THE CHILDREN'S PICNIC.

John, the carter, had quite risen to the occasion, and ornamented his horse with large bright-coloured rosettes, while the harness glistened in the sun, every buckle shining like a looking-glass. As for the cart itself, nothing could have been more luxurious, with its thick carpet of clean straw, and the stuffed sacks along each side, as soft as a drawing-room sofa.

'Oh, how lovely!' cried Jack. 'Mother, how I wish you had been coming too!'

'So do I, darling,' said his mother; 'but Mary will go just now to look after everything, and Daddy and I will follow by and by.'

Their destination was a beautiful spot at the side of a clear river, with a number of trees dotted about here and there, affording a delightful shade from the sun. Under one of these trees they encamped, and Mary, as her mistress had directed, unpacked the baskets and spread a banquet, which one of the boys who had just begun to learn Latin declared was 'fit for the gods,' while the stream that ran by their side supplied the nectar, only it was ever so much better.

Then they climbed the trees and played at being monkeys among the branches, and at being explorers prospecting the country, and being surprised and surrounded by wild animals. By and by they took to running races, and found that Mary had been provided by Mrs. Gervase with prizes for the victors. You should have seen how delighted they were—one with a knife, another with a ball, and several with beautiful books. But poor little Jack, strive as he might, always came in behind the rest. At last, in a fit of distress, he ran to Mary, and burying his face in her lap, sobbed aloud.

'Poor little fellow,' she said, 'your legs are not so long as other people's; but never mind, here is a consolation prize for you.' And she put her hand into her pocket and brought out some bright little confections. When Jack saw these he got wonderfully calm, and pronounced them uncommonly good.

But perhaps the best entertainment of all was when John brought forward his horse, which had been grazing near, to give them all a ride. How they did enjoy these rides! Sometimes there was one on the horse's back, sometimes two, and they shrieked with delight. When Jack got up, he forgot all about his disappointment at the races. But he had not ridden far when he cried out, 'Oh, John, hold me, how the horse is running round!' Mary was at hand, and, astonished to see him sway forward, was no more than in time to catch him as he fell. Just at that moment Mr. and Mrs. Gervase, who had followed in a pony-carriage, drove up.

'My boy, what's wrong?' said Mrs. Gervase, as she saw Jack's flushed face and heard his hurried breathing. And indeed his condition became so alarming that his father and mother determined to take him at once to a doctor who lived near. On examination, it was found that the poor little fellow had been poisoned. But the ques-

tion was, how could it have happened? Mary was sure he had eaten nothing different from the others except the few sweets she had given him.

'Ah, sweets!' said the doctor; 'show me them, please.'

'This explains it all,' said he, as he inspected them. 'These sweets have been poisoned with alcohol. Alcohol poisons grown people, and it poisons children too, take it how they may.'

Little Jack was able to be taken home by and by, and got quite over his attack in a day or two; but that picnic of such mingled pleasure and pain was long remembered, and also the doctor's words—'Alcohol poisons grown people, and it poisons children too, take it how they may.'—'The Adviser.'

Ida's Dime.

'Oh Mattie, I am so glad you have come! I've been watching for you ever so long. How did you get in without my seeing you!' said Ida Brooks, giving her friend a resounding kiss. 'We're going to have lots of fun,' she continued, not giving Mattie time to answer. 'Mamma says we may play tea-party in the side yard under the fig tree, and Steve has taken the little table out for us, and sister loaned me two long dresses, so we can be real ladies.'

'That will be splendid,' answered Mattie, her eyes sparkling with anticipated pleasure.

'And just look here, ain't these nice?'

And Ida held up to view a little basket filled with tiny cakes. 'I can take a whole one in a bite. Mamma made them for me this morning when she was making cake."

'Oh! we will have a lovely time; come, let's go," said Mattie, jumping up.

'Oh! but wait a bit, I've something more to tell you. Uncle John gave me a dime this morning for brushing his hat, and—'

'Does he give you ten cents every time you brush his hat?' interrupted Mattie.

'Why, no,' answered Ida, indignantly; 'do you think I do it for pay? This morning when I handed him his hat, he smiled, and said, as he turned it around and around, 'Why, chicken, you brush nicely; here is a dime to encourage the good work;' and now, Mattie, I'm just waiting for the strawberry man; he ought to be here by this time. I am going to buy a box of strawberries for our tea-party.'

'Oh! that will be ever so nice. I wish the man would hurry and come," answered Mattie.

'So do I,' said Ida, glancing out of the window. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'there goes Miss Amy!' Both little girls thrust their heads out of the window, and threw kisses to a young lady passing by on the opposite side of the street, who nodded and smiled in return.

'Isn't she the sweetest teacher that ever was?' said Ida, drawing in her head,

'Yes, indeed," answered Mattie; "And didn't she talk dreadfully last Sunday about the heathens?'

'Dreadfully! No, indeed, I thought it was beautiful," said Ida, in a surprised tone.

'Oh, so did I!' quickly responded Mattie 'I mean it is dreadful to hear about those poor heathens who never saw a Bible, nor a church, not even a Sunday-school, and never heard of Jesus. Why, it makes me feel so sorry! I wish I were rich. If I had lots of money,' she continued, eagerly: 'I'd send them great boxes of Bibles, and plenty of preachers to explain 'em, and ever so many nice teachers like Miss Amy to teach the little children about Jesus.'

Well, but we haven't lots of money. 'We've only this dime,' answered practical Ida, looking down at her dime, and then glancing up to the mantelpiece at a little box labeled 'Foreign Missions.' There was evidently a struggle going on in her mind.

Mattie saw the glance, and, when Ida's eyes sought hers inquiringly, she nodded her head in approval. In an instant, Ida was beside the box, and her dime rattled against its iron sides.

'There, now,' she exclaimed, 'I guess we won't gobble up that dime. Let the old strawberry man go by. Come, let us go play.'

'Ida,' said Mattie a little later, "I am glad you did't spend your dime, because it would not have pleased any one but us, and I know it pleased Jesus to have it go in the box.'—K. L. R. in New Orleans 'Christian Advocate.'

A Noisy Little Light.

'Mamma, I've got something good for you,' cried little Mercer, dancing along the porch. 'I ate some and saved some for you.'

It was a half-eaten Bartlett pear, not very soft and not very clean, but mamma was as much pleased as if it had been a tree full.

'Where did you get it, "Baby Buntin'?"'

'I don't know her name,' said Mercer. 'Here comes sister; I'll ask sister.'

The rest of Mercer's family, two sisters and Frankie, were coming slowly up the porch steps; unmistakable signs of pear juice on lips and fingers, but the pears were gone. Only the 'Baby Buntin" had saved some for the mother.

'Why, there was a girl down the road, mother, with a lot to sell; she gave us five for a cent, so she ought to have more.'

'I see,' said mother, smiling and looking at the piece in her hand.

'She was selling them for missionary money for her band,' Elsie hurried to say. Somehow she wished now that she had not kept two for herself.

'And Elsie told her,' struck in Ruth, 'that she ought to see how much money she had in her mission band box; most two dollars. The girl said if she sold all her pears she would get twenty-five cents, and Elsie said, la! that wasn't much; she knew how to make things that would bring in money three times faster than selling pears at a cent for five.'

Ruth was a faithful little reporter; she was only telling all this because she always told everything that happened, word for word. But Elsie turned red, and mamma shook her head in a way they all understood.

'Who is it the Bible says sounds trumpets before them?' asked mamma.'

'"As the hypocrites do,"' quoted Ruth, with the ever-ready memory, and then she looked distressed at having called Elsie a name like that, and tried to make up to her. 'It says, "Let your light shine," you know, mamma.'

'Does a light make any noise shining?' asked mamma, smiling but looking sad. 'It just shines, Ruthie. It doesn't splutter and say, "Look how much light I am giving." If Elsie had given Mercer two pears, and said nothing about having only one herself, that would have been letting her light shine. But I am afraid there has been more noise than light about my eldest daughter to-day.'

After dinner that day, mamma saw Elsie busy over a little doll, making it a pink and white crocheted suit. She guessed right away that it was for the pear vender's mission band, but she did not say a word; she knew Elsie was trying to shine without any noise this time.—'Sunbeam.'

Third Quarter.

LESSON I.—JULY 2.

Gracious Invitations.

Hosea xiv., 1-9. Memory verses 4-7. Read the whole Book of Hosea.

Golden Text.

'Come and let us return unto the Lord.'—Hos. vi., 1.

Home Readings.

June.

26. M.—Hosea 14. Gracious Invitations.

27. T.—Hosea 2:16:23. Precious Promises.

28. W.—Isa. 1:10-20. 'Come now.'

29. Th.—Jer. 3:12-19. Proclamation of pardon.

30. F.—Joel 2:12-19. Turning with the heart.

July.

1. S.—Matt. 11:25-30. The Saviour's Invitation.

2. Su.—1 John 1. Confession and Pardon.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—1. O Is'ra'el, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.

School.—2. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord: say unto Him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render the calves of our lips.

3. As'shur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses: neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods: for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy.

4. I will heal their backsliding. I will love them freely: for mine anger is turned away from him.

5. I will be as the dew unto Is'ra'el: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Leb'a-non.

6. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Leb'a-non.

7. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Leb'a-non.

8. E'phra-im shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard him, and observed him; I am like a green fir tree. From me is thy fruit found.

9. Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them: but the trangressors shall fall therein.

Suggestions.

Our lessons for the next six months are in the Old Testament.

Hosea, whose name means 'Salvation,' prophesied in Israel according to the revised chronology about seventeen years (740 to 726), but the common chronology dates his first prophecies at 785.

The Mission of the Prophet Hosea.—Hosea had fallen upon evil times, and his mission was to make them better. Like Elisha at the bitter fountain of Jericho, he was to cast the salt of righteousness into the polluted social and religious fountains of Israel's life, and restore the waters to health.

The Prophet Amos preceded Hosea. His message was one of denunciation of sin, of 'Woe unto you,' of punishment, of warning. It was of divine justice. He enforced his message by pointing out the disasters that had come upon the people for their sins,—famine, blasting, locusts, pestilence, war. Then he presents a series of symbolic visions, illustrating his message by vivid and telling imagery.

The Prophets's Appeal (vs. 1, 2). 1. Return, like the Prodigal Son after his bitter experiences, unto the Lord thy God, whose child you are, to whom you owe allegiance, gratitude, love, obedience. For thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Again like the Prodigal Son. They had found 'what an evil and bitter thing' it was to forsake Jehovah their God (Jer. 2: 19). See under 'Circumstances,' number 5, above.

Take with your words. Express your feelings of repentance; make public confession of your sin, so that your penitence may be known as widely as the sin; put your vows and promises on record; as it were, sign a pledge. Such things are the natural accompaniments of true repentance. And turn, R.V., return, to the Lord. Face right about, change the course of your life, be converted; not only in outward conduct, but in heart, in love, in principles, in the inmost nature.

This is the new birth of John 3: 3. 5. It is, and always has been, the essential condition of salvation.

Take away all iniquity. By free forgiveness, and by taking away the sinful nature. Restore us to thy friendship, and care, and love, as if we had never sinned. And receive us graciously, or as R.V., Accept that which is good, the penitent words, the vows, the new life we offer unto thee. So will we render the calves of our lips. The calves, or bullocks, were the larger sacrifice of their ritual. Their vows, their praises, their expressions of love, their confessions and promises were their true offerings to God. Compare Isa. 58; 5-14.

Assur, Assyria, shall not save us. They will no longer turn to Assyria for help, as they had done before (5: 13; 7: 11; 8: 9). We will not ride upon horses, which came from Egypt. They will no longer go to Egypt for help. To the work of our hands, Ye are our gods. They would utterly renounce idolatry, even the idols of the stronger and richer nations around them. For in thee the fatherless, 'Lo-Ruhamah' of chaps. 1 and 2, findeth mercy. (Compare John 14: 18). I will not leave you 'comfortless,' Greek, 'orphans.'

All this is the expression of true repentance and new life, and utter renunciation of all worldly dependencies, and complete trust in God because he is worthy of trust.

The Lord Speaks in Reply (vs. 4-8). 4. I will heal their backsliding; i.e., the damage which their 'backsliding' has brought upon them. Love them freely. Or spontaneously, i.e., without receiving any gifts but those mentioned in v. 2.

I will be as the dew. Rather, as the night mist, i.e., the masses of vapor brought by the damp westerly winds of summer. The baleful effects of the sirocco are often felt in Palestine during the rainless heat of summer, but by the beautiful provision of night-mist all hardy forms of vegetable life are preserved.—Cambridge Bible. Grow, blossom as the lily, in glorious beauty and profusion.

His branches shall spread. New shoots shall spring up from the roots of the tree that had been cut down. 'Israel shall not be merely a tree, but a garden.'—Cheyne. His influence and power shall be wide-reaching. His beauty shal be as the olive tree. 'The olive is one of the most characteristic and beautiful features of all southern scenery. The hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it forever; the gnarled writhing of its intricate branches, and the pointed fretwork of its light and narrow leaves, inlaid on the blue field of the sky, and the small, rosy-white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of sable fruit scattered by autumn along its top-most boughs, and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver-gray and tender, like the down on a bird's breast, with which, far away, it veils the undulation of the mountains.'—Ruskin ('Stones of Venice,' 3: 194). And his smell as Lebanon. The perfume which exhales from the olive, and vine, and odoriferous shrubs at its base, and the fragrance of its cedars. The moral influence which flows from Israel shall be a delight and attractive charm to all around.

What a beautiful picture this is of the kingdom of God on earth; the ideal which every Christian church should seek to realize more fully.—Peloubet's Notes.

C. E Topic.

July 2.—Our country for Christ. Ps. 33: 10-22. (A Christian-citizenship meeting.)

Junior C. E.

July 2.—The fruit God wants us to bear. Gal. 6 : 19-26.

Tobacco Catechism.

CHAPTER IV.—SMOKING.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

1. Q.—What are the chief ways of using tobacco?

A.—Smoking, chewing, and snuffing.

2. Q.—What is the most hurtful way of using it?

A.—Smoking. Tobacco used in this way sends its poison at once to the lungs through the breath, and poisons the blood. It is like breathing poisonous air and the system feels the effects at once.

3. Q.—What does Dr. Copeland say of the effects of smoking?

A.—'Smoking tobacco weakens the nervous powers, favors a dreamy and imbecile state of mind, and sinks its victim into a state of maudlin inactivity and self-enjoyment of his vice.'

4. Q.—What does Dr. Marshall Hall say about smoking?

A.—'The smoker cannot escape the poison of tobacco—it gets into his blood and affects every organ and fibre of his frame.'

5. Q.—What does John Lizzars, M.D., of Edinburgh, say, in regard to smoking?

A.—'That excessive smoking, long persisted in, is injurious to man in the highest degree,' and 'That the commencement of smoking in early life, and indulgence in the practice early in the day, cannot be too strongly condemned.'

6. Q.—What effect has tobacco smoke on frogs and birds?

A.—Frogs and birds confined in tobacco smoke are killed by it in a short time.

7. Q.—What effect has tobacco smoke upon men unaccustomed to the use of tobacco?

A.—When entering a room filled with it they become sick and dizzy. Some men cannot sit in a room full of tobacco smoke.

8. Q.—What have able physicians testified as to the effect of tobacco on infants?

A.—That many infants have been killed by breathing air poisoned by tobacco smoke, with which a thoughtless or indifferent father had filled his clothing, his hair and the room.

9. Q.—Are the poisons in tobacco destroyed by burning in a pipe or cigar?

A.—No; whether tobacco is smoked in a pipe or in cigars, the poisonous fumes are drawn into the mouth, lungs, and stomach, and thus vitiate the fluids which help digestion.

10. Q.—Name some of the constituents of tobacco smoke.

A.—The chief ones are carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, and ammonia gases; carbon or soots; and nicotine.

11. Q.—What do these substances tend to produce?

A.—Carbonic acid tends to produce drowsiness and headache.

Carbonic oxide, in addition, causes a tremulous movement of the muscles, and so of the heart.

Ammonia bites the tongue of the smoker, excites the salivary glands, and causes dryness of the mouth and throat.

12. Q.—What does Steele's Physiology say of nicotine?

A.—'Nicotine is a powerful poison. The amount of nicotine contained in one or two strong cigars, if thrown directly into the blood, would cause death.'

13. Q.—How many pounds of nicotine will one hundred pounds of the dry leaves of tobacco yield?

A.—As high as seven pounds of nicotine.

14. Q.—Is the practice of smoking injurious to others than the smoker himself

A.—Yes. Those who smoke cannot help annoying people who dislike tobacco.

15. Q.—Give instances where smoking is a great nuisance.

On the street, in the cars, depots, and boats; at places of amusement, and in every public place, one is often obliged to inhale tobacco smoke, and the bad breath of those who smoke.

16. Q.—Is not smoking almost too common to be considered rude?

A.—A rude practice is never less rude because it is common. Tobacco smoke is very disagreeable to many people, especially ladies and to persons of weak lungs. It is certainly

rude to set them coughing and to give them pain.

17. Q.—Did smoking form part of the religious customs of the Indians?

A.—It did. They believed tobacco to be a gift from God for their especial benefit, and that he used it also.

18. Q.—Two hundred years ago, when an Indian was converted, what did he do?

A.—He immediately threw away his tobacco to prove his sincerity in the new belief. We wish all white men would do the same.

19. Q.—Is tobacco-using a sin?

A.—It is, the Bible says:

'Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' —I. Cor. x., 31.

20. Q.—What can truly be said of the use of tobacco by Christians?

A.—Tobacco is doing more harm to-day in the churches than spirituous liquors, because Christians who think it wrong to drink, often use tobacco freely to their great harm.

Doctor's Duty About Drinking.

'If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?' The application of this is obvious. Deference is very properly paid to the opinion of medical men on dietetic subjects. They are supposed to know what men ought to eat,drink, and avoid. But what can the public conclude when 'doctors differ,' and differ on such a simple matter as the value of alcoholic beverages in ordinary dietetic use? It is scarcely credible, but nevertheless a fact beyond all question, that in 1839, nearly sixty years ago, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir James Clark, Dr. Marshall Hall, Barnsby Cooper, Richard Quain, Dr. Andrew Ure, Benjamin Travers, and other eminent men signed a declaration that it was altogether erroneous that the habitual use of wine, beer, or spirits, was beneficial to health or necessary for labour. Has the truth of this statement ever been disproved? On the contrary, has not experience abundantly confirmed it. Have not our prisons, our workhouses, our soldiers and sailors, our friendly and insurance societies demonstrated, beyond all question, that total abstinence is not only safe, but advantageous? If that is so, we ask why the medical profession, both the leaders and the rank and file, are not out-and-out advocates of total abstinence? Some are so, and their influence for good is great; but it is largely neutralized by the indifference of others and the active example and public support which the majority contribute in favor of alcohol.

It is a matter of notoriety that a large number of medical men exceed the bounds of moderation in the matter of drink. Take a public dinner, such as the annual dinner of the British Medical Association. How many attending that dinner did not exceed the one and a half ounces of alcohol, which the late Dr. Parkes affirmed was the outside amount which an adult man should take in twenty-four hours? That would be contained in about one wineglassful of port or sherry and two glasses of champagne or hock, and that is on the supposition that none had been taken earlier in the day. As is very well known, there are very few drinkers who do not take more than that (and many very much more) every day of their lives. There are hundreds of failures in the medical profession, and the majority of them through drink. Why does not the profession purge itself of this evil? It is chiefly hindered by the respectable moderate men who sneer or mock at total abstinence and the other men who have not the desire or the moral courage to expose themselves to contempt or ridicule. It is pure cynicism on the part of many, who believe they shall never develop the drink-crave themselves, and who do not care a straw as to what becomes of others. Nevertheless, these ultimately supply the majority of the drunkards.

We need a higher moral standard in this matter. There are plenty of men who will despise or condemn the sot, who will laugh or joke at the man who has become foolish through an occasional excess. Where are the drinkers who never take more than a definite small amount, and who have never felt excited or exalted under the influence of alcohol? And what is that but drunkenness, the good old Saxon word for intoxication? Definitions of drunkenness are legion, and frequently devised to exclude all stages preliminary to the last. But, after all, drunkenness is due to the action of alcohol on the brain, and is in its essence the diminution or abrogation of self-control. But physiological experiments have proved that this begins with the first perceptible action of alcohol, and that all the symptoms or consequences of drinking alcohol are only more or less palpable results of the paralysis of various groups of nerve-cells. A man is intoxicated who is affected by the poison alcohol, so that he thinks, says, or does that which he would not have thought, said, or done if he had not taken it. Facts prove that it begins this paralytic influence on the highest centre first, affecting the judgment, the conscience, and the will, warping the whole mind in its judgment of itself and its surroundings, poisoning the very centre of being, and giving the rein to the lower passions and instincts.

The man becomes more and more an automaton under the influence of alcohol, and voluntarily abandons his position and powers as a man. In this consists the essential immorality of the habitual use of intoxicating liquors. We want to see the medical profession take the lead in delivering men and women from the delusion that these drinks are beneficial or even harmless, and in face of the effects which have all through the centuries followed more or less, and inevitably from the common use o falcohol. The nation needs regeneration in this particular. Indifference is criminal. If there is any better or safer or surer remedy than total abstinence, in Heaven's name let us have it, and have it quickly. If not, then it is the bounden duty of all men to urge total abstinence both by precept and example.—'Medical Temperance Review.'

An old doctor got into conversation with an old pauper. 'What was your trade?' asked the doctor. 'A carpenter,' said the man, 'and a very good trade it is.' 'How came you, in so well-paid a trade, to become a pauper? Did you drink' 'Not at all; I only took my three pints of ale a day.' 'For how long?' asked the doctor. 'Well, I am eighty—probably about sixty years.' The doctor got paper and pencil and figured, and then told the poor deluded, befooled, old carpenter pauper, that his sixpence per day for sixty years would have amounted, with compound interest, to £3,226, or at 5 percent to £150 per annum.—'Slings and Stones.'

Correspondence

Mitchell.

Dear Editor,—I have taken very much pleasure in reading your 'Messenger.' My father has been an elder in Knox Church for eighteen years; my mother is a Sunday-school teacher. I have five sisters and one brother. My two oldest sisters have a dressmaker-shop, and my brother has a blacksmith's-shop. I go to school and have very nice teachers.

BARBARA (aged 12).

Percy.

Dear Editor,—I have been greatly interested in reading the correspondence, but have not noticed any from Percy, so I thought I would write. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother and I go to school every day, and I like the teacher very well. I read in the part II., and can do addition and subtraction very well. My papa is a farmer; we have thirteen cows and seven calves, eighteen sheep and eleven little lambs.

We are having holidays this week, and have a good time going to the barn watching the calves and lambs playing.

MAGGIE M. H. (aged 7).

Winnipeg.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for about two years, and like it very much. We live near the Red River; the water of the river is very muddy. It has been very cold here this spring. I go to school, and like it very much. I am in standard six, but I hope I will pass into seven after the summer holidays. We have two months of holidays in the summer, and two weeks in the winter. We soon get tired of all the holidays in the summer, as it is so hot. My sister and I go to Sunday-school very regularly; we have a large Sunday-school. We also have a good minister, whom we like very much. I like going to church in the morning, as the minister always speaks to the children. We have children's services every three months, which we all enjoy. We are longing for the summer to come, when the flowers grow, and birds begin to sing. We always have hot weather at exhibition week in July. There were a great many people last year from the United States at the exhibition.

FLORENCE (aged 13).

Calgary, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' from Sunday-school, and some Sundays it has been too cold to go to Sunday-school, and all through the week I miss it as I would a friend. I have saved up all my 'Messengers' and made books of them, and given them away.

My parents are not in Calgary, but I stay with a lady. I have two brothers and one sister. I learned to skate this winter. My friend Bertha Kent has a horse and I have learned to ride very well. I am trying to be a Christian. At Sunday-school I am in the Junior Bible Class, and our teacher's name is Mr. Robertson. I liked Nellie S.'s letter very well, and I hope she will write again.

JEANNEATE S.

Vancouver.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the letters in the 'Messenger.' I was back east last summer, and when in Montreal we went to the 'Witness' office, and Mr. Dougall took us all through and showed us all the machinery, and he gave me a stamp with my name on it. We brought grandma out with us to Vancouver. She stood the journey well, and she is quite happy and smart. She was eighty years old the third of April last. My papa has a boot and shoe store, and my three brothers work there. I go to school every day. We attend St. Andrew's Church and Sunday-school. There are between three and four hundred attending. Two of my sisters teach at Sunday-school. I belong to the Junior Endeavor. Vancouver is a very nice place. We have a nice park called Stanley Park, with all kinds of animals and birds in it. We have a beautiful bay, and we go out bathing every summer.

NORMA C. (aged 10 years).

Shag Harbor, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your paper a long time, and like it very much. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have one brother. I attend the week school. I will be eight years old in August. I am sending you six names besides my own for the 'Northern Messenger.' I am very fond of dolls. This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.'

VERNA M. N.

Sutton.

Dear Editor,—Your paper comes to me every week, and I like it very much. I am 13 years old, 5ft. 6in. tall, and live on a farm. I walk nearly a mile to school. I am as far as interest in my arithmetic. I have a lame foot, caused by spinal meningitis, but it is much better now. We make maple sugar. I have four pets, a gray squirrel, a calf, a black cat and a dog. I have one brother and one sister younger than myself.

CHARLES T.

Mansfield.

Dear Editor,—I am collecting for the foreign missions. It is very sad to see the little children in foreign lands without the bible. There are forty million souls whom we don't think will be saved if we do not make a great move for missions. Our Pastor, the Rev. A. P. Latter, is very much interested in foreign missions. My oldest sister belongs to the Methodist Church. I think it would be wise if the people every week would put away a small sum of money for the little heathens. The ladies that were sent out together for the missions were Miss K. E. Richer, Miss J. E. Desmond, Miss C. A. Pike, Miss W. M. Watson, Miss L. T. Abbertson. I would like some of the little girls about my age to correspond with me.

ELSIE P.

Addresses Wanted.

Will "Clara," of Olive, Man., and Stanley S., of Gunter, kindly send their addresses to the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.' The prizes which they were awarded in the letter competition are waiting for them.

HOUSEHOLD.

House-Cleaning.

When the garret is easy of access we would advocate the cleaning of it first, as it will then be ready for the storing of stoves and other articles not in use during the summer. Trunks or packing boxes should be kept as receptacles for winter flannels, blankets, etc., first carefully wrapping the latter in newspaper. A few cedar chips placed in the trunks and boxes are said to be a sure preventive of moths. It is a good plan to look over all ha'f-worn clothing, reserving that which would be of use to the poor another winter, and casting aside any that if left in the garret would prove only a hiding place for mice and moths.

Sleeping rooms should be thoroughly cleaned; viz., by taking up carpets, cleaning woodwork, windows and floors. Where the ceiling is kalsomined, freshen by a new coat. Paper walls may be cleaned by dusting with a feather duster or a piece of flannel fastened on a broom. Any soiled places may be cleaned by rubbing with a piece of stale bread or dry Indian meal. Closets in connection with each room should be cleaned at the same time. When the paint is not much soiled, a little ammonia in the water with which it is cleaned is much better than soap. Mattresses and pillows should be placed in the sun, and well beaten. If we have inherited from our grandmother a luxury of 'ye olden time'—a feather bed—do not place the bed in the sun, but on a windy day place in the shade and beat thoroughly.

Next in order the halls should undergo a similar process. While the parlor carpets may not necessarily require taking up, the walls and ceilings should be dusted, paints cleaned, etc. It is a very good plan to take down lace curtains during the summer, as it will preserve them from the tender mercies of the washtub for a much longer length of time.

Living rooms require a semi-annual cleaning, and for this reason rugs are much in vogue. Add something new to the living room to brighten and give it a fresh appearance, even though it be as simple a thing as a new picture, or a knot of bright colored ribbon. One could hardly conceive what a difference a simple scarf or head rest makes in the aspect of a room until one has tried the effect and learned by experience. In connection with the kitchen come the pantry and china closet. It seems foolish economy to stow away broken crockery with the intention of mending it, unless it be a choice piece. China and glass are selling at such low rates that it would seem folly to set one's table with mended dishes.

Last, but by no means least, comes the cellar. A good coat of whitewash is essential to a pure cellar, and a very good plan is to keep a pail of unslacked lime sitting where it will absorb the moisture. Be sure to clear out all decayed vegetables that may have accumulated during the winter, although that should be attended to once a week. Keep the windows open during the day, that a current of air may pass through continually, making the room above less liable to dampness. The theory that closed windows during the day, and open at night, will ensure a cool cellar, may be to a certain extent true, but as all cool air is not always pure, we think it more essential to secure the pure air, even at the risk of not having so cool a cellar.—'Christian Work.'

Hints on Health.

THE VALUE OF FRESH AIR.

Vigorous breathing is essential to good health, for the oxygen of the air is the best of all 'medicines' for the lungs. Therefore, the more of the oxygen we breathe into our lungs the purer will be our blood, and the better in consequence will be the condition of every organ of the body. Endeavor to breathe vigorously with the waist muscles, for the complete filling of the lungs requires the constant use of the muscles.

A WORD FOR DYSPEPTICS.

When greatly fatigued, it is extremely unwise for those who suffer from dyspepsia to eat heartily, even of plain, well-cooked food, and, under these circumstances, it becomes exceedingly dangerous to eat indigestible articles of food, as pork, veal, cucumbers, etc. If dyspeptics will observe caution in regard to taking rest before eating, it will materially aid their digestive powers. It is a good plan for the dyspeptic to take a daily nap. Sleep is food for the nerves; therefore not only is the daily nap excellent, but early hours should be observed, so that there be sufficient sleep to restore and invigorate the system.

CARE OF CONVALESCENTS.

With convalescence come manifold dangers that must be guarded against with jealous care. A single act of imprudence then may render unavailing all the watchful anxiety of the previous weeks. An invalid is liable to take cold when first allowed to sit up. The room should be slightly warmer than usual, the chair or couch on which he is to sit, covered with a blanket, and he himself well wrapped in blankets and shawls. If possible, close fitting flannels should be worn, and the feet must be covered with stockings. He should not be allowed to remain too long out of bed the first time, and it is well to have it warmed before he returns to it. No visitors should be admitted, and all excitement must be avoided until he has had time to rest after the exertion.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Selected Recipes.

Philadelphia's Famous Scrapple.—To make Philadelphia scrapple, says the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' stew two pounds of fresh pork until thoroughly done. Take the meat up and add enough water to the liquor in the kettle to make a quart. Remove the bones and chop the meat, then put it back in the kettle. Season, adding sage or summer savory and onion, if desired. Then sift in cornmeal, boiling slowly and stirring as if for mush. Make it thick enough to slice when cold. Turn into a dish, and when wanted for the table, slice and fry in drippings. The quantity may be increased, as it will keep a long time in winter.

Little Dishes.—We have a cup of boiled rice, left over from some of yesterday's meals. We will have a little side dish, rice fritters of this, at one moment's notice, and they can be fried in a few moments. They will just suit the wants of some one at the breakfast table. Make them to taste well and then don't forget to make them look well, even look pretty. To the cup of rice add nearly a cup of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of sugar, half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Fry brown, in thick spoonfuls in hot lard. But there are some who won't eat fritters because they are fried. For those make a few slices of hot toast, toasted evenly and delicately, dipped one instant in boiling water and well buttered. Set in the oven one moment before serving. Put two slices of this same buttered toast on a small platter, and pour over the cup of tomatoes left at yesterday's dinner, made hot and well seasoned. This will just strike somebody's appetite too, and the last two dishes, though almost no outlay, will give variety, and be sure to fit in well with the main dishes. An apt manipulator in kitchen and cooking matters could easily have this smple breakfast ready in half an hour.

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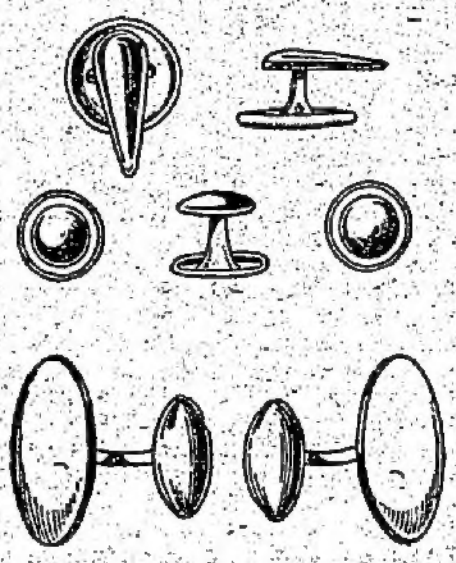

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